The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXIII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1926 No. 3183

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 1

EDITORIALS:

La Follette—Still Alive 3
Much Ado About a Very Little 4
Degrees of Honor 4
"Can Cultured People *Really* Love?" 5

NEWS FROM HEAVEN. By Hendrik van Loon 6

THE GREAT AMERICAN TRADITION: A CHALLENGE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY. By Charles A. Beard 7

WHY WAS THE BRITISH STRIKE CALLED OFF? By W. N. Ewer 9

FLORIDA CASHES IN HER CHIPS. By Stella Crossley 11

A CALIFORNIA LIBERAL. By Michael Blount 12

IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 13

CORREPONDENCE 14

BOOKS:

Margins. By Wilbert Snow 15
The French Revolution and After. By David Saville Muzzey 15
Is Immigration an Error? By Karl F. Geiser 16
A New Science of Character. By Joseph Jastrow 16
From Plato to Harvey. By Benjamin Harrow 17
Forces and Men. By Catharine E. Young 17
Books in Brief 18

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:

Peace Tendencies in France. By Alfred Lowry 19

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR FREDA KIRCHWEY

LITERARY EDITOR MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

THE SESQUICENTENNIAL FOURTH OF JULY is upon us, and all over the land sermons are being preached upon the text that America is the biggest, brightest, busiest country in the world. It is. There are among us a faith in ourselves and our future, a hope, a spirit of achievement which, together with our mineral wealth, our continental frontiers, and the World War, have helped lift us to our new world dominance. And there is also among us a colossal indifference to the signs of rot within us. Few of us are frightened for the democratic experiment by the revelations of million-dollar graft in the State where the Declaration of Independence was pronounced; most of us smile at millionaire Mellon's blessing on corruption and snarl at any radical who dares challenge this government by dollars and suggest a change. We have grown to fear self-criticism. It is a good time to reread the history of the days we are celebrating, and Charles Beard's eloquent address, reprinted in part in this issue of *The Nation*, is worthy of the men whom it recalls.

NO RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION in the history of the United States has ever approached in magnitude and splendor the Eucharistic Congress of the Roman Catholic Church in Chicago. One hundred thousand men with 100,000 lighted candles knelt before an altar fifty feet high while mass was celebrated on Soldiers' Field. Four hundred thousand people joined in glorifying the sacrament at some of the sessions. Eucharistic congresses, which began in 1881 at Lille, have as their official purpose the spread of the central doctrine of the Catholic faith that the body and blood of Jesus Christ are actually present in the sacrament of the mass. The emphasis of the whole congress was upon worship. It was unfortunate, perhaps, that this purpose should be so obscured in the public mind by the ecclesiastical trappings, the "red train" of the nine cardinals, the size of the audiences, the robes of the church potentates. Ku Kluxers and readers of the *Menace* will undoubtedly use this display as proof that the Pope is trying to control America. Perhaps he is: we are not overly concerned. America was discovered by a Catholic and if the Catholics can recapture it by appealing to the American love of bigness and conformity, let them go ahead.

"THE SOUTHERN NEGRO is disfranchised as effectually as if he were on the moon," declared William Pickens in his keynote address at the recent Chicago conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The conference launched a drive for a million-dollar fund to fight disfranchisement, segregation, and "Jim Crow" cars. Meanwhile, in spite of a determined fight by a minority, Congress refuses to face the fact that the Constitution is being openly violated not only in the disfranchisement of Negroes but in the virtual disfranchisement of millions of other voters by the rotten-borough system. We still officially apportion our congressional seats on the basis of the 1910 census, although there are great cities today which were little more than villages in 1910 and the Constitution calls for reapportionment every ten years. But what do the representatives of Mississippi, Vermont, and Wyoming care about the Constitution among friends? Despite Los Angeles's sudden zeal for the Constitution, her claim for more seats in Congress is defeated for this session at least. This temporary disfranchisement of city voters by the refusal to effect reapportionment should call attention to the permanent incongruity of Southern representation. Los Angeles cast more votes for President in 1924 than Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi combined, but these Southern States have thirty Representatives in Congress and Los Angeles has two. The Southern States are cheating.

THE FARMERS have again been bilked by Congress and the Administration, as it was inevitable they should be, and the Haugen bill has been sent to the ash-heap. Economically unsound as *The Nation* believes that measure to be, there was no legitimate reason why it should have been rejected by the Republican Party which has long been committed to the principle and practice of subsidies in the form of the protective tariff. Yet the Republican Party, as the watch-dog of big business, obviously could not afford to let the Haugen bill pass. A subsidy is fine for the subsidized so long as they are a limited group, but spread out to 30,000,000 agriculturists it is like trying to grow rich by taking in one another's washing. Subsidies were ordained for the few, not the many. For the Republican Party it is unpleasant to have to face an agrarian revolt in the West, but it was impossible to risk a revolt of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

big business, East or West—for big business spells the Republican Party itself. So farm relief goes a-glimmering. And so, incidentally, has gone any action in regard to coal, all bills having been postponed until next session—or, more correctly, until another spell of coalless cold calls for fresh oratory and renewed beating about the bush.

IN NEW JERSEY Randolph Perkins, member of Congress and Dry, recently won a renomination, defeating B. D. McClave, Wet. On the same day two other Drys, one a member of the State Senate, the other a member of the State House, also won renomination, defeating Wets. Nothing was changed, but newspaper exaggerations suggested that Wet New Jersey was going Dry. In St. Paul, Minnesota, Melvin J. Maas, conservative bond salesman and Wet, defeated Oscar Keller, member of Congress, who is moderately Dry, for the Republican nomination for Representative of the Sixth District. This may mean that the political climate in Minnesota is moistening or it may mean that St. Paul prefers bond salesmen to ex-dairymen; we will await further particulars. We recall too well the chorus of victory which swelled from Wet throats in the East when Mr. Volstead was defeated by Mr. Kvale. The chorus stopped when news trickled into New York that Mr. Kvale had made his campaign on a platform declaring that he was dryer than Volstead.

FAIRY TALES are among the latest tricks used by the Passaic textile mill-owners for breaking the long strike. The bosses imported several hundred strike-breakers from New England, lodging them in the mills free and paying them forty to fifty dollars a week. Three of these imported workers, refusing to act as "scabs," came into the strike headquarters and told their story. They had answered an advertisement at a local agency in a New England town, and been told there were openings in a mill on Long Island. Asking whether there was any trouble in the mill, they were assured that there was only the sweetness and light of patriotism—the owners desired to replace their foreign workers with Americans. These men believed that they were going to Long Island until they heard the railway conductor call out the station of Passaic. The owners may find that instead of breaking the strike they have made new trouble for themselves. They have revealed that they have orders and need workers, despite all their protestations to the contrary.

THE MORALE OF THE STRIKERS has struck an upward curve, fed by resentment at the importation of strike-breakers and by the solidarity of labor behind them. During the past month conferences for the relief of the Passaic strikers have been held in five big cities. The 260 delegates to the meeting in New York represented labor unions and fraternal organizations of all shades. American Federation of Labor representatives sat beside members of the I. W. W. and joined them in resolutions for permanent work of relief, defense, and the guarding of civil liberties in Passaic and vicinity. A photographic story of the strike in pictures is being sold for funds, to the chagrin of the police of New Jersey, who with their nightsticks, fire-hose, and tear-gas bombs figure largely and unheroically in its pages. These guardians of the peace continue to stage astonishing side-shows of brutality; strikers, after arrest, have been taken into police stations and even into the mills and there beaten. Sheriff Nimmo, however, who was responsible for the earlier reign of terror, has gently but firmly refused an invitation from the mayor of Garfield to return with his armed deputies. The little man must have found the public eye uncomfortably sharp.

HOW BUSINESS INTERESTS seek to dump unprofitable undertakings like the Cape Cod Canal upon the government has repeatedly been told in *The Nation*. A similar attempt is being made by business interests to exploit the Boulder Dam and the All-American Canal which are designed to use the waters of the Colorado River for irrigating the Imperial Valley and for giving power to Southwestern cities. Taken by itself the irrigation part of the project would be a financial loss to the government but the dam will yield millions of horse-power of electric energy. This power can be so profitably sold that the whole project would pay for itself in a few years; moreover the power can be sold cheaply and the low rates would tend to set the standards for the Southwest. The power interests do not like this idea. They are perfectly willing to let the government spend $40,000,000 on Boulder Dam and then point to the inefficient character of all government enterprise. When the government proposes, however, to spend $30,000,000 on its own power plant and so make the enterprise profitable, they raise the cry of socialism. They want the power plant for private enterprise and the deficit for government budgets. Fortunately a bill (S. 3331) has already been favorably reported by a Senate committee which aims to make the whole project a public development. It should be passed.

AMAZINGLY GOOD NEWS comes from India, where the Government, yielding to the pressure of world opinion, has at last abolished the famous Calcutta opium auctions and has set at ten years "the period within which the export of opium for other than strictly medicinal purposes will be progressively and finally extinguished." A 10 per cent reduction is to be effected in the current year, and the last export is to take place in 1935. Thus will end one of the most infamous instances in history in which a great government has openly profited by debauching the rest of the world. The British Government is to be congratulated upon its changed attitude. Meanwhile in India a strong public opinion against opium use is developing, and a recent study by the Opium Research Committee of the [American] Foreign Policy Association has cast a striking light upon the divergent accounts of opium consumption in India. The Government, producing national averages, has always held that it was slight; Indians, from experience, have insisted upon the contrary. The study shows that while large sections are virtually opiumless, consumption reaches appalling totals in certain urban districts and industrial centers. These are precisely the districts where medical assistance is most available, and there can be no excuse henceforth for government refusal to take action. Gandhi's national temperance campaign is already having its effect. Within six months of his visit to Assam, where opium-smoking and opium-eating are at their worst, consumption dropped 22 per cent.

IF ANYBODY can save the French franc it is probably Caillaux. He accepted the Ministry of Finance in Briand's tenth cabinet on his own terms, with the under-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL Minneapolis

standing that he was to have a free hand in regard to policy. As a propitiatory sacrifice he demanded the ousting from the war portfolio of Painlevé, whom Caillaux holds responsible for his own forced retirement from the former's cabinet after the failure of the Franco-American debt negotiations last year. Caillaux then removed the Governor of the Bank of France, who was opposed to the further use of that institution's gold reserve to support the franc. Caillaux proposes to use that reserve in his program and is reported to favor the speedy ratification of the Bérenger-Mellon debt agreement with the United States if it can be made the basis for a Wall Street loan to further bolster the currency. The new Minister of Finance proposes heroic measures to save the franc, and if they fail there will probably be nothing left for anybody else to worry over. But no oxygen pumped into the franc can revive it unless the Government can balance its budget. A cut in the interest rate on the internal debt would help toward this, but the chief hope is in taxation, presumably of the wealthy, since other classes are already sucked about dry. Here is Caillaux's tug of war, because the big industrialists and the financial manipulators are profiting by the decline of the franc—as was the case in Germany when the mark collapsed—and will fight taxation of their wealth to the end, no matter what disaster overtakes the rest of the community.

WHAT IS A COLLEGE PRESIDENT? The regents of the University of Oregon are ready to tell us. The official statement of their investigating committee which nominated Dr. Hall gives the reasons for their choice:

> Dr. Hall as president of the University of Oregon will prove to be a very popular man. He is very easy to meet, has a pleasant smile, and one is immediately impressed by his unbounded energy. He is not only a real college executive but has had business experience as well in connection with one of the banks in Madison, Wisconsin. Dr. Hall is a very able public speaker, and his services undoubtedly will be in great demand throughout the State. We are very enthusiastic about the new president.

Possibly Dr. Hall has other qualities besides those which led to his selection, but at any rate he has a voice and a pleasant smile and has been connected with a bank. Is anything more needed?

HONEST MEN are the trustees of Olivet College, Michigan. They recently dismissed Professor J. E. Kirkpatrick from the faculty, because of his radical views on student self-government, but they boldly told why. Frank N. Green, secretary of the Board of Trustees, in informing Mr. Kirkpatrick of his dismissal, wrote:

> I am instructed by members of the executive committee and of the Board of Trustees to say that this resolution was adopted not because of any inefficiency on your part as a classroom teacher but because your views of college administration, which views you have always been free to express and advocate, are not in harmony with the views of the Board of Trustees *and of substantial friends of Olivet not on the board who are giving financial support to Olivet College.* Experience has shown that these two conflicting views cannot live in harmony on the same campus.

The same issue of the *Olivet College Echo* which recorded his dismissal also announced that "the endowment drive had passed successfully its first unit in its million-dollar effort." Hip, hip, hurray for Olivet and its million dollars! What does it matter who teaches there or what, if only the "substantial friends" give their "financial support"?

La Follette—Still Alive

MEMORIAL services for Senators are usually perfunctory and poorly attended, but at the service in the Capitol in Washington on June 20, last, a year after Robert La Follette's death, all available space was packed. Old-timers could not recall a more stirring demonstration. The New York *World,* in commenting upon it, observed:

> The tribute to La Follette's memory in the Senate on Sunday called forth a demonstration of esteem and admiration which would have been impossible just after his death a year ago. For the greater part of his career in Washington he had been a leader of the opposition, a merciless critic of his own party. His command of invective, his intense individualism, made more enemies than friends; his unsparing keenness in debate, his unwillingness to compromise caused more fear than liking. But twelve months had softened the memory of old antagonisms.

This is true, but it is not the whole story. We do not impute intentional hypocrisy to any of the Senators who lauded La Follette at the memorial service, or to the newspaper editors who now praise the man they once denounced, but the fact remains that a live mouse is more dangerous than a dead lion. It is easy to speak well of a man when you are no longer in danger of being called on to help or support him. The *World,* for instance, now concedes that

> Senator Robinson was not extravagant when he declared that La Follette was the real leader of the progressive movement during his generation. . . . He laid down a program aimed at predatory wealth; he helped convert men like Dolliver, Hadley, and Bristow; and when his enemies united against him Roosevelt was able to take over his half-launched progressive movement. The events which followed gave the Democrats their chance. For much of the progressive legislation which made the years 1913-1917 important La Follette was really responsible.

But although "La Follette was the real leader of the progressive movement during his generation," neither Senator Robinson nor the *World* found it expedient to support him when he was alive. They stuck to the shibboleths of the dead Democratic Party and its hopeless candidature in 1924, thus permitting Mr. Coolidge to remain in the White House. La Follette was too democratic, too unyielding, too sincere for most even of our "progressive" politicians or liberal newspapers like the New York *World.* He was the loneliest political leader of his generation, the object of the most bitter and continuous press hostility. Bryan was denounced as bitterly during free-silver days, perhaps, but in later life he was tolerated, or merely ridiculed. Roosevelt was commonly praised as a man by those who condemned his principles—due, perhaps, to the ease with which he divorced his principles from his personality. La Follette, lonely and tenacious fighter of the people's battles, never divorced his principles from his personality. New York newspapers may have feared rather than liked him, but millions loved him as few men are loved. His principles and his personality are still living forces in American life.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Much Ado About a Very Little

THE Reed-King-La Follette committee has continued to plow the golden soil of Pennsylvania. It has discovered that the pious Mellon-Pepper crew spent nearer two million dollars than one; that their Mayor of Pittsburgh instructed city officials to vote for Pepper if they valued their bread and butter (the gentleman blandly denied the shorthand report of his speech, but it was plain that he lied); that their Pittsburgh Chief of Police cheerfully violated the law by instructing the policemen to see to it that the Pepper majorities were fat; and that both Mr. Vare's and Mr. Mellon's henchmen distributed enough money in cash, of which no records were kept, to have bought a dozen New York City elections in the good old Tammany days that were once considered the epic era of graft. But interest in this exposure of contented corruption seems, to judge by the newspapers, slight compared to interest in the effort of Senator Reed to expose the heinousness of the Anti-Saloon League and the W. C. T. U.

The Nation has never been fond of the Anti-Saloon League or of its methods. The League browbeats people into behaving as it wishes them to behave; it cares nothing for the Constitution and its safeguards of search and seizure if they seem to stand in the way of enforcing prohibition; and, while it has forced some Wets, fearful of their political future, hypocritically to vote Dry, it has blackened the characters of its honest opponents by denouncing them as seditious tools of the bootleggers and brewers. We do not think the Anti-Saloon League has itself played fair, but we do not like to see unfair tactics used against it. The genius of the organization, Wayne B. Wheeler, was an impressive witness under Senator Reed's inquisition. He became interested in prohibition in college; he served the cause for years at one hundred dollars a month, and he now earns eight thousand dollars a year. That is little enough for the head of an organization which in the years preceding the enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment spent two and a half million dollars annually. Mr. Wheeler had no hesitation in reporting the sums spent, and the worst things brought out against him were that, like Mary Pickford and Babe Ruth, he signed a series of articles which he did not write, and that he occasionally hired Congressmen to make speeches. It did not appear that he hired Congressmen who did not honestly believe in prohibition, or that they made more than pin-money out of their speechmaking.

Nor did the W. C. T. U., as it seems to us, appear in a more unfavorable light. The New York *World* and other organs denounce its action in raising money to enforce a statute when the Pennsylvania Legislature neglected to do so. The legislature to please the Drys voted a Dry law, and to please the Wets refused the money to carry it out. The W. C. T. U. then took it upon itself to enforce the law. There was nothing secret or underhand about its action; it begged for newspaper publicity. It established offices in the State Capitol and, with the cooperation of Governor Pinchot, sought to enforce the orphaned law. Doubtless, a State does better to enforce its own laws. But is it a crime for citizens to help a State enforce laws that the legislators put on the statute-book, even if the legislators who put them there hope they will not really be enforced? The remedy would seem to be to have an honest legislature which either would not pass unwanted laws, or would take seriously the laws which it does pass.

The calm observer, undisturbed by this partisan racket, will not forget that the vast sums spent by the Dry leagues have been raised in small offerings from men and women who have no selfish stake in prohibition. Even if misspent they would still be in a different class from the millions spent in Pennsylvania to save the manufacturers from taxation. Why cloud the issue by comparing them?

For good or ill, prohibition has again become a live political issue. We have said before that we welcome any live political issue in a country where the citizens have been too busy with the radio to think before they voted. Wets and Drys, we believe, are equally sincere; let them argue, not accuse each other of corruption. The evil of corruption in politics is independent of this issue. The Mellons and the Peppers who tried in vain to buy Pennsylvania straddle the liquor question; the important thing is to get rid of corruptionists—Wet, Dry, or straddling. We suspect that the Mellon-Vare gangs are rather relieved by the elaborate attention paid to the Reed-Wheeler Wet-and-Dry battle of wits.

Degrees of Honor

THE season's crop of honorary degrees reveals several new varieties, produced by methods of cross-breeding whose secret is best known to university administrations. The honorary degree used to be for the most part a simple though glowing recognition of scholarly or artistic or scientific achievement, with an occasional stooping from academic heights to pick up a gem from the vague field of public service. But a complex civilization has changed that, until now one never knows where our sharp-eyed university heads may discover a Doctor of Laws. It may be in the House of Representatives, where New York University found Speaker Nicholas Longworth. Or it may be in the embassy of a nation for whose friendship we yearn. Columbia University went bravely fishing in political seas and, despite its very Republican president, caught Governor Al Smith, upon whom it conferred his first academic degree. But fishing was best in the President's Cabinet, where Georgetown University caught Herbert Hoover, and Washington University (St. Louis) caught Secretary of War Davis, and any number of lines hooked a great scholar in the Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. Mellon, in this annual hood-collecting contest, was close pressed by Owen D. Young. Mr. Mellon won with Harvard, Yale, and Amherst to his credit, but Mr. Young was not far behind with Rutgers and Princeton. The Yale degree was conferred upon Mr. Mellon with the tribute "No man in office has given up so much with such benefit to the public." Very true—he gave as much as $25,000 in the Pennsylvania primaries, and he very likely has several thousands left for worthy educational institutions. Mr. Young's service on the Dawes Commission and his pronouncements on the problem of power development might have qualified him for the old brand of academic degree—with a touch of modernity in the fact that he sits on dozens of wealthy corporation boards. But in the business of delivering degrees for cash, paid up or prospective, Harvard was this year boldest of them all. She presented her LL.D. to George Fisher Baker, of the First National Bank

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of New York, who recently gave $5,000,000 to her Graduate School of Business Administration. Mr. Baker's degree cost more than a Pennsylvania primary.

At Amherst an old custom has taken on new significance. The seniors confer honorary membership in their class as they see fit, but it has been usual that the president of the college should be among those so honored. This year President Olds was conspicuously neglected. On the list of honorary members *in absentia*, however, appeared the name of Alexander Meiklejohn. This was not, we believe, primarily meant as a slight to Dr. Olds, who has always been regarded with affection, especially during his long years of deanship. In 1923 Dr. Meiklejohn had spent eleven years in making Amherst the reality of his dream of a liberal college. By that time the trustees thoroughly regretted the rashness which had prompted them, in the height of a fashionable progressive wave, to intrust the sacred traditions of Amherst to the hands of such a man, and they requested his resignation. The class of 1926 had just finished its freshman year. It was perhaps too young to take a large part in the demonstrations of undergraduate indignation at the time—thirteen seniors refused their diplomas—but evidently it was not too young to have profited by its brief experience of a liberal president and to have learned self-determination. The last Amherst class which knew Dr. Meiklejohn effectively recorded its undergraduate stand, while the trustees were following the academic procession of honoring millionaires.

"Can Cultured People *Really* Love?"

SATIRE threatens to become a lost art, for in these days folly outruns imagination and the most extravagant burlesque comes limping after the real thing. Mr. Mencken discovered how far quotation can exceed invention, and now any one with a pair of shears can outdo the fertile brain of Sinclair Lewis. For example we turn to *Screenland* for June.

In a single number advertisements inform us that "Excess Fat Is Not Forgiven," that "Daring Young Men Are Needed in Aviation," and that "There *Is* a Way" to develop the bust. A strong man enjoins us to "Make Marriage a Success" by his method, and a lady in scant attire asks the pertinent question "Why Starve Yourself to Reduce?" when you need only "chew Silph like ordinary gum." A handsomely hirsute young man confesses that "Sixty Days Ago They Called Me 'Baldy'," and two ingenious inventors offer mechanical devices, the one guaranteed to straighten our noses and the other (worn only at night) serving the double purpose of improving the lips and inhibiting any tendency to snore. To even the bow-legged man science holds out hope through an appliance supplied by M. Trilety, Specialist, and in a remarkable set of ten books "The Eternal Mystery of Woman Is Now Almost Completely Laid Bare Before You" by authors who have not hesitated to tell the entire truth about a group of ladies which includes Helen, Cleopatra, Poppea, Salome, Magdalene, Messalina, Catherine, and Dolly Madison. "If, while concealing nothing, they tell you of the faults of women, it is to accentuate their virtues; if they tell you how a Russian countess in winter had water slowly poured over nude girls to provide new statues for her gardens, they also tell you how Joan of Arc inspired the people of France and how Lady Godiva helped those of Coventry."

Yet ingenious as are these advertising columns they are more than matched by the text of the magazine itself, in which the featured article for the month is a symposium conducted by Elinor Glyn upon the subject with which we have headed this column. Madame Glyn, as those familiar with her philosophy of life might have predicted, is upon the side of culture. "If," she concedes, "it is merely the creative instinct you are alluding to—then culture has nothing to do with the emotion." But, she continues in a passage equally remarkable for its ideas and its syntax,

> if you mean by "love" that quality which is half spiritual and which raises the individual when under its influence then, naturally, the higher the cultivation is and the greater the refinement of mind, so love would be felt and enjoyed more by such persons than the merely uncultivated being who has no sense of values.

Most of the screen stars who contribute their opinions are, however, inclined to put more faith in the simple heart. "I think that the part I am playing in Edmund Goulding's production 'Paris' answers this question perfectly," says Joan Crawford:

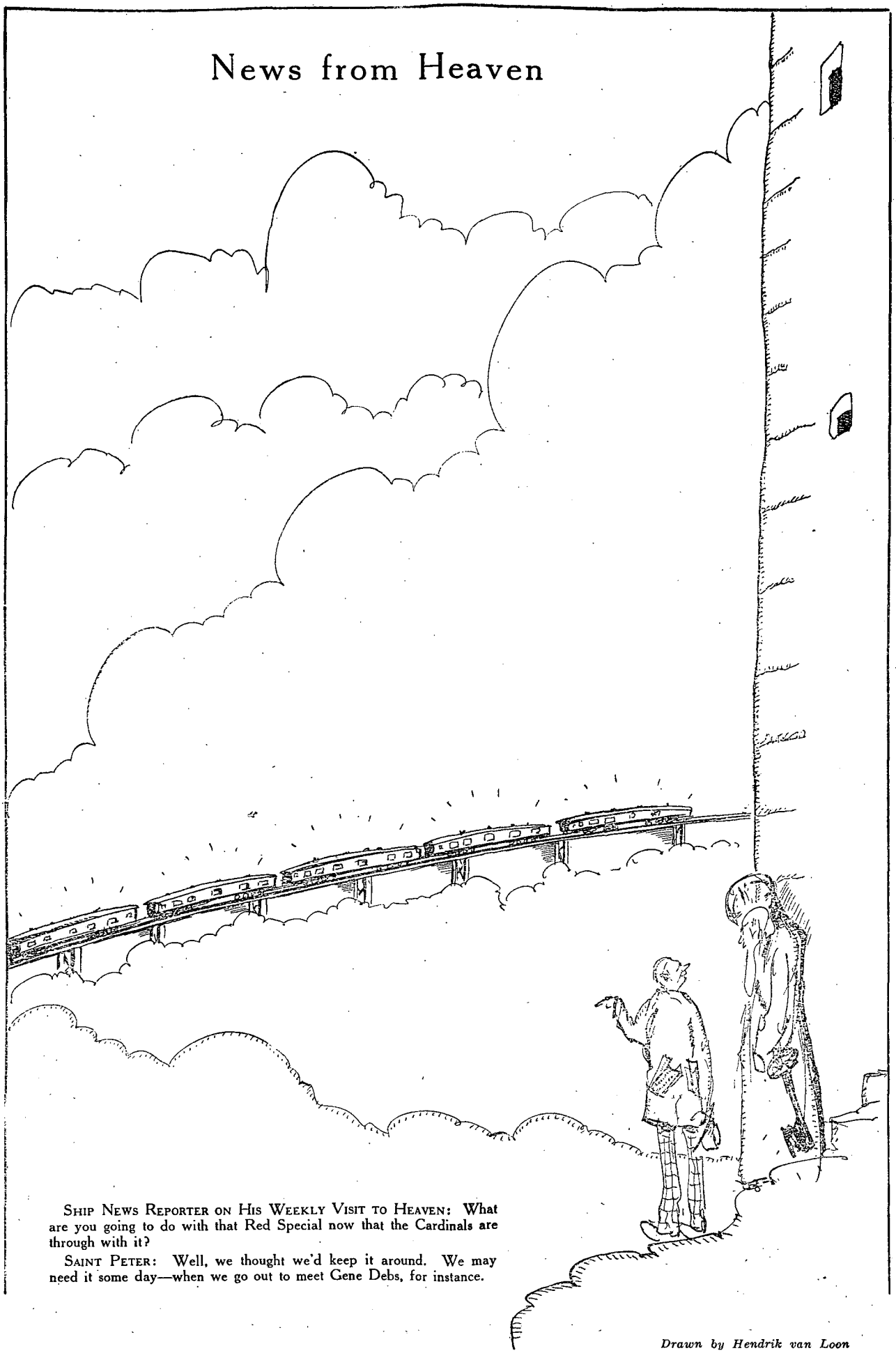
> That is the story of a young girl of the slums of Paris, uncultured and uneducated. She is in love with an apache, who is also an uncultured person. A very wealthy, refined young man is in love with her and while he offers her money and power and all of the refined, cultured things in life, she chooses her apache lover and never once wavers in her affection. This uncultured girl has an infinite capacity for love. There seems to be enough evidence to prove that love has nothing to do with education or culture. It is an emotion of the heart and the shopgirl has a heart like that of the princess.

Renee Adoree, in spite of her somewhat coquettish name, prefers to consider mother-love, which she regards as unrelated to culture; and Eleanor Boardman, discussing the same subject, remarks rather ambiguously that "we see unintelligent mothers giving up everything for their children." Conrad Nagel retires into a magnanimous skepticism with the remark that "We cannot look into the heart of anyone but ourselves," but Ramon Novarro comes out clearly that "the more sophisticated and cultured a person becomes the harder it is for him to throw himself into love," and thus we are left with Mr. Novarro and Madame Glyn upon opposite sides of the great question. The article is illustrated with a picture of Madame Glyn pouring tea for Douglas Gilmore who "was selected by this world authority on love to demonstrate that cultured people are the best lovers," but unfortunately Corinne Griffith, who is pictured upon the next page and, we are told, "wears no jewelry except sapphire eyes and ruby lips, for she has a more precious treasure—the softest kindest heart in the world," expresses no opinion upon the subject under discussion. We feel that she could have settled it.

It is reported that when Mr. Charles Chaplin and Madame Glyn first met the latter remarked "You do not look as funny as I expected," and that Mr. Chaplin replied "Neither do you." As to the truth of this report we cannot speak, but we are not surprised to note that the editor of *Screenland* in an editorial entitled A Plea for Imagination finally delivers himself of the following counsel: "Be gullible, be easily deceived."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

News from Heaven



SHIP NEWS REPORTER ON HIS WEEKLY VISIT TO HEAVEN: What are you going to do with that Red Special now that the Cardinals are through with it?

SAINT PETER: Well, we thought we'd keep it around. We may need it some day—when we go out to meet Gene Debs, for instance.

Drawn by Hendrik van Loon

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Great American Tradition*

A Challenge for the Fourth of July

By CHARLES A. BEARD

"I HAVE sworn upon the altar of the living God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." This powerful blast against all oppression of the human spirit was written by Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, draftsman of the Virginia statute for religious liberty, and founder of the University of Virginia. And yet, vigorous as it was, this proclamation of freedom by Jefferson was but an echo from an age-long battle waged by those who dare to think against those who, with hemlock, faggot, gallows, irons, and prisons, vainly seek to strangle the irresistible power of inquiry and change.

If a beginning of this great battle must be sought, let it be in the noble words of the "Apology" offered by Socrates twenty-four centuries ago. There he said that if his accusers would spare him on condition that he would cease to search for truth his answer would be: "Athenians, I love and cherish you, but I shall obey God rather than you, and as long as I draw breath and have the strength, I shall never cease to follow the love of wisdom and to exhort and persuade any one of you whom I happen to meet." With a smile upon his face and the light of eternity in his eyes, he drained his cup of poison to the dregs. Who remembers the legislators, the judges, and the accusers who brought him to that doom of immortality?

If an immediate forerunner of Jefferson, one in the stream of our own civilization, must be chosen, let it be the blind poet of the Puritans, John Milton. In 1644, a quarter of a century after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, he issued an indictment of official censorship bearing the title Areopagitica: a Speech of Mr. John Milton for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, to the Parliament of England—a brief essay that stands out like a gleaming beacon above the dark oppressions of that age. Once a book which good and wise people feared as they did plague and death, it is now read in our schools by tender youth as a work of noble idealism enshrined in the finest imagery of the English tongue. For the timid, shrinking, frightened cowardice of the persecutor who would impose his little designs on the thought of mankind and keep his country asleep in inherited tradition, Milton offered the daring idea of free inquiry and free argument—an idea that would arouse the nation to greater and greater achievement.

> Methinks I see in my mind [he said] a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms. . . . Give me liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

Nearly a hundred and fifty years after Milton made this eloquent plea the American people wrote in their national Constitution a provision which expressed in a solemn avowal the principle which he had asked from the English Parliament: "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press." Jefferson had urged this amendment and rejoiced in its enactment. It was in keeping with his spirit and indeed an inherent part of the American political system.

That system embraced no king ruling by divine right, no house of lords ruling by prescriptive tenure, no established church claiming God's sanction on its monopoly. On the contrary, it was founded on the faith that governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed; that officials are not divinely appointed masters, but elected servants; that periodically the voters should, on reviewing the conduct of their servants, approve or condemn according to their judgment. To give to any set of officials—legislative, executive, or judicial—the power of censoring, controlling, or suppressing the opinions of the people would be to place the servants above the masters, defeat the first principles of the government, and restore a regime of special privilege. An election without discussion would be an impossibility. Discussion without freedom to inquire and to argue would be a farce. Inexorably out of the logic of the American system flowed the principle of freedom of press and speech.

It would of course be doing violence to history to imply that this creed was universally accepted among the founders of this republic. Every school-child knows the history of the Sedition Act of 1798. Frightened by the criticisms of the Jeffersonians bent on ousting them from power, the Federalists hurried through Congress a law drawn in broad and loose language which in effect penalized everyone who passed severe strictures upon the Government of the United States. In fact, this measure gave to Federalist judges, prosecutors, and executive officials the authority to arrest, fine, and imprison any of their political foes who were especially objectionable to them and in practice it was so applied. And all know the verdict of history on this act of partisan fury and tyranny. The party that passed it was buried in oblivion, and for more than a century, in peace and war, no such sweeping violation of political liberty was placed upon the statute books of the United States. Even the Southern Confederacy, recoiling before the irresistible might of Northern armies and assailed by criticism within, did not adopt any measure of law comparable to the Federalist Sedition Act of 1798.

* This discussion of the American tradition of liberty formed the opening sections of an address presented by Mr. Beard on June 29, before the Fourth Commonwealth Conference, in session at the State University of Iowa. In his concluding paragraphs Mr. Beard outlined a proposal for the appointment of a representative national committee which should "study . . . the whole question of the nature and limits of political toleration; . . . examine the charges of maladministration made against certain governmental agencies during the recent crisis; . . . formulate . . . a model statute indicating the proper limits on freedom of speech in time of peace and a second setting forth such limits appropriate to war time; . . . describe . . . the procedural conditions under which prosecuting attorneys, police officials, judges, and juries should operate in dealing with persons accused of expressing forbidden opinions."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Under these historical circumstances, and in keeping with Jefferson's faith in the long judgment of the people, there grew up in America a great tradition of political liberty. Though difficult to define in law, theory, or practice, though often violated in spirit by mobs and private organizations, that tradition contained certain elements which stand out in undoubted patterns of thought. It did not declare that no alterations might be proposed in our form of government. It did not lay down the rule that in time of war the majority which controls the Government of the United States may exercise the powers and prerogatives of a Caesar. No, the tradition of American political liberty was formulated by fearless and robust men who had the honesty to apply to others the principles they claimed for themselves.

Let us seek what it meant in the language of its first great expounder, Thomas Jefferson. He did not urge the jail and the gallows for those who proposed to dissolve the Union and change our form of government. In his first inaugural he calmly said: "If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union or change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it." Jefferson knew that there were limits to the political freedom which he proclaimed. He could read the definition of treason in the Constitution. It was explicit. It ran: "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court." In those lines stood the two words which Jefferson regarded as vital to any limitation on freedom of discussion, namely, "overt act." In expounding religious liberty he made this firm declaration: "To suffer the civil magistrate to intrude his powers into the field of opinion and to restrain the profession or propagation of principles on the supposition of their ill tendency is a dangerous fallacy which at once destroys all religious liberty, because he, being of course judge of that tendency, will make his opinions the rule of judgment, and approve or condemn sentiments of others only as they square or differ with his own." The same principle Jefferson applied again nearly twenty-five years later, showing that it was with him a rooted conviction. In a letter addressed to Elijah Boardman of New Milford, Connecticut, on July 3, 1801 (now in the possession of Dr. George H. Wright, of that town), Jefferson objected to the idea that an opinion could be "an overt act," and added: "We have nothing to fear from the demoralizing reasonings of some, if others are left free to demonstrate their errors and especially when the law stands ready to punish the first criminal act produced by the false reasonings; these are safer corrections than the conscience of a judge."

All down through the nineteenth century great leaders of American opinion continued to uphold the principles which Jefferson had expounded. A cloud of witnesses could be summoned to support this statement. "This country, with its institutions," said Abraham Lincoln in his first inaugural address, "belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they grow weary of the existing Government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it."

It is not only liberty that has been celebrated but liberty in season and out. "The cry has been that war is declared," said William Ellery Channing more than a century ago, "and that all opposition should therefore be hushed. If the doctrine be admitted, rulers have only to declare war and they are screened at once from scrutiny. . . . We should teach our present and all future rulers that there is no measure for which they must render so solemn an account to their constituents as for a declaration of war; that no measure will be so freely, so fully discussed. . . . In war, then, as in peace assert freedom of speech and of the press." Years afterward, in the midst of the Mexican war, Theodore Parker exclaimed: "If the people cannot discuss the war they have got to fight and pay for, who under heaven can?" In the very midst of the life and death struggle over which the immortal Lincoln presided, the Democratic Party in its platform declared the war a failure, called for a cessation of hostilities, and protested against the violation of civil rights by the federal Government. Lincoln believed that the Democratic Party was wrong and the judgment of history runs with his opinion, but neither he nor his countrymen thought opposition to war and the advocacy of peace in war time a crime to be suppressed by violent and inquisitorial processes. Interference with the armed forces and the prosecution of the war were of course forbidden and in practice there was no little violation of civil liberty; but the expression of hostile opinions in political discussions (even a demand for immediate peace) was not a crime. "If this blessed old republic," urged Senator Borah long afterward, "cannot rest upon the free and voluntary support and affection of the American people in time of war as well as in time of peace, if we cannot, as a people, be free to discuss the political problems which involve limb and life, even in time of war, our government rests upon a very brittle foundation."

From the close of the eighteenth to the opening of the twentieth century the great tradition of political liberty was regarded as a sacred element in our political philosophy and practice. In time of war it was often strained by dominant parties; in time of peace it was sometimes violated by mobs; but it was consistently upheld as a guiding principle. Its essential terms were clear. The people were free to criticize and discuss their government and its acts, subject to the law of libel and slander; they were liable to pains and penalties only when their language definitely threatened an immediate overt act.

Broadly speaking, this was where we stood when the storm of the World War broke upon us in 1917. In that year Congress passed the Espionage Act for the entirely proper purposes of preventing interference with the enrolment and operation of the armed forces of the United States. The terms were explicit and the acts against which it was directed were made reasonably definite. This legislation was soon followed by the Sedition Act, and by State statutes often in terms still more general and inclusive. The provisions of these acts and the history of their enforcement established precedents so unusual that the Hon. Charles E. Hughes was led to declare: "We may well wonder, in view of the precedents now established, whether constitutional government as heretofore maintained in this republic could survive another great war even if victoriously waged."

Surely that is a grave warning that bids us pause and survey our conduct and prepare for the future. And it is best that we should do this in time of peace when the perils of battle do not thunder at our gates and the calm voice of reason can be heard.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why Was the British Strike Called Off?

By W. N. EWER

London, May 17

IT was, I think, the battle of Spion Kop. Anyway, it was one of the series of battles on the Tugela, five and twenty years ago, when Buller was struggling to break through the Boer lines and to raise the siege of Ladysmith.

The battle had gone well for the British. The troops had advanced a considerable distance. They held good positions. Their losses had been slight. Their morale was excellent. They were confident that at last they were "through." The Boers also were convinced of the same thing. They were getting ready to retreat. The heavy gun teams were "in-spanning." The orders were given. Suddenly their scouts reported an astonishing thing. The British were not preparing to pursue. They were actually beginning to withdraw. They were evacuating their strongest positions.

The Boers shrugged their shoulders and thanked their God for the folly of the Rooinek. The Englishman, they had often heard, did not know when he was beaten. Apparently he also did not know when he was winning. The gun teams were outspanned. The riflemen wheeled about and moved, not northward in retreat, but southward in pursuit. Botha was able to wire to Pretoria the news of another victory.

Just what had happened no one knew—except the plain fact that just at the critical moment when the Boers were preparing to quit, someone at the British G. H. Q. decided for some reason or other to break off the battle.

That, or something very like it, happened in London on the fateful day of Wednesday, May 12.

It was the eighth day of the General Strike. The strike had been a success beyond all calculation, beyond all expectation. The response to the call had been unanimous; even more than unanimous, for thousands of non-unionists came out with their unionist fellow-workers, not under coercion, but moved by a sudden wave of class-consciousness which swept over the country. Let one tiny instance of this suffice—a South London machine-shop. It employed fifty men. Only five of them were trade unionists, but when the order came to those five, the whole fifty struck.

From end to end of Great Britain the same thing happened. Not the oldest trade unionist can remember such solidarity. Not the oldest agitator can remember such enthusiasm. In sleepy cathedral towns, where Labor meetings were almost unknown and where a handful of men and women had struggled hard to keep a feeble organization in being, men left their work and great crowds gathered at demonstrations, to the bewilderment as well as to the delight of those stalwarts. Everywhere intense enthusiasm. Everywhere, in accordance with orders, perfect calm. The "incidents" and the "riots" which figured in the news were of a trivial character. More people were arrested in a tuppenny-halfpenny Royalist demonstration in Paris last week than in any of the "strike riots" in Britain. The Government strove hard to give melodramatic value to a situation which was for them unnerving because of its grim quietness. They paraded armored cars and tanks about the streets to "keep order" where there was no disorder. They enrolled "specials" by tens of thousands. And the poor specials had nothing to do but bore themselves stiff parading empty streets, or else combine "police duty" with the conducting of scab omnibuses. They sent a squadron of cavalry and a battalion of guards and a fleet of tanks to fetch a food convoy from the London docks. Nobody had been stopping food convoys and a couple of policemen would have done the job. But the Government—it was a sign of nerves—must needs send a miniature expeditionary force. Five miles and more through the crowded East London streets those unhappy troops had to march. Five miles through crowds who cheered and laughed. A humiliating, demoralizing business. No Communist could have devised a better plan for "creating disaffection in His Majesty's Forces." The experiment was not repeated.

A whole week of orderly strike. Nothing for a Napoleon-Churchill or a Mussolini-Jix to get hold of. Not an excuse for a whiff of grapeshot or even for a dose of castor oil. The calm of it was in itself disconcerting. The confidence of the men, their quiet readiness to stick it out as long as might be needed were alarming. "The first two bloody years of this strike are going to be the worst" was the slogan in the East End. "What about the Christmas number of the *British Worker?*" was the favorite jest of the strikers in Fleet Street.

They had dug their toes in for a long struggle. At the end of a week the strike was as solid as a rock. The *British Gazette* cried in headlines that it was breaking, that the men were dribbling back to work; but try as it might, it could find nothing to put under those headlines to justify them. Day by day the numbers of the strikers increased instead of dwindling. From every district came the same report—that the hard thing was to persuade the men to stay in and await orders.

And every day the quiet, relentless, economic pressure increased. The spectacular running of perilous "skeleton" services of passenger trains, the exploits of young gentlemen from the universities who drove buses and lorries, often to the public danger and nearly always with disastrous results to engines and gearboxes, were of no importance at all. Every considerable industry in the country was at a standstill or rapidly coming to a standstill, unable to function for want of fuel, for want of raw material, for want of transport. Business men, seeing their losses mounting into the millions, were beginning to ask why they should be sacrificed in the interests of the coal-owners. The Anglican church began to call for peace. The saner elements in the Government became anxious.

Over the week-end the tentative approaches were made. Sir Herbert Samuel was sent to explore the possibilities of agreement. That meant, in fact, that the Government was preparing for a compromise, for a settlement, provided that its face could be saved. Sir Herbert was to prepare the way for a retreat. The propaganda of the *British Gazette* grew less violent. The appeal of the Archbishop was allowed to be broadcast, was even published in the *British Gazette*. Sir John Simon, a day or two before the darling of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

die-hards, was put up to support it in the House of Commons. The big gun teams in fact were in-spanning. The retreat was being organized. And the Labor forces, scenting what was happening, grew more confident than ever.

Wednesday morning saw the Government wavering, shot through and through by internal dissension, under growing pressure from the business men and from the "saner" elements. It saw the Labor ranks unbroken, unbent, more enthusiastic than at any moment of the strike.

Suddenly there came word of comings and goings, of a meeting with the Premier. And then the brief announcement that the strike had been called off: that the Trade Union Congress General Council were satisfied, after seeing Mr. Baldwin, that the miners would get a "square deal."

The first news was greeted with a roar of enthusiasm and delight. No one doubted for a moment that a resounding victory had been won. Probably some arrangement had been made to save the Government's face. Obviously the General Council had been promised that the Government would adopt the plan which Sir Herbert Samuel had devised and which had been adjudged by the council to be a reasonable basis for negotiation. Obviously they had been promised that the lockout notices would be withdrawn during the negotiations. For quite plainly they would not otherwise have called off the strike.

That was the heartening first impression. It was followed by agonizing doubts as the evening wore on and the wireless screamed that the Government had won a decisive victory, that the strike had been called off unconditionally, that no promise and no pledge had been given, that the T. U. C. had surrendered at discretion. And then came the verbatim reports of the Downing Street conversation as confirmatory evidence. There was a shudder of doubt, a feeling of bewilderment, a suspicion that perhaps after all this was not the expected victory.

A few more hours made it terribly clear. Men reporting themselves for work in accordance with the order were told that they must wait until wanted, that if they were taken back it would be at reduced wages.

Automatically the line rallied, closed, held firm. Twenty-four hours after the strike had been called off scarcely a man was back. When news came to the railwaymen's meetings on the Thursday afternoon that they were to stay out, they cheered frantically. What had been happening they did not understand. But this they understood. It was the fight again, if only a rearguard action.

Those two days' stubbornness saved a terrible disaster. The employers' counter-offensive on wages had been launched in the belief that the strike was broken. It checked and broke against the firm front which it found. But, however splendid the troops, a retreat is a difficult operation in which loss is unavoidable. And some of the big unions—notably the railways and docks—signed, as the price of a settlement, humiliating admissions that the strike had been a wrongful act and promises that it should not be repeated.

Moreover, days passed—and there was no word of the lockout notices being withdrawn. The general strike was liquidated: but a million miners were left to struggle alone. Mr. Baldwin produced his proposals. They were *not* the Samuel memorandum. And the miners were invited to consider them under the coercion of the lockout.

What the miners will do I cannot foretell. They are sore and angry. They feel themselves deserted. And they do not understand why. So with the rank and file of the other industries. They feel that they have been balked of victory. They also are puzzled. If I have been asked once I have been asked fifty times in the last two days: Why did they call off the strike?

It is a vitally important question, but singularly hard to answer. In some measure it seems certain that the General Council was duped by one of those pieces of ill-faith of which only the most honorable gentlemen are capable. It seems clear that they understood that the Samuel proposal was the Government's own proposal, and that the moment the strike was called off the lockout would be ended. There can be little doubt that the Government was prepared to do this: that only, when, to its amazement, the order to resume work was given without any guaranties being exacted, did it decide to repudiate any understandings and to claim an unconditional surrender.

But even so we are driven back upon the question, Why were no guaranties exacted? Why was there no clear-cut understanding, too precise for repudiation?

The answer must probably be sought in the fact that many, perhaps most, of the General Council had never really liked the General Strike. They had got themselves into a situation in which they were bound to order it—or to order something which would lead directly to it. But up to the last moment they had hoped for some miracle or some formula which would avert it. The Government's slamming of the door on further negotiations, Mr. Baldwin's tactical retreat to his bedroom in order to avoid even conversations, forced their hand. They found themselves suddenly leading a great movement of which, in their hearts, they did not approve. The very success of the move, the unanimity of the response, the solidarity, the enthusiasm must have dismayed many of them. Here was a situation which might, if prolonged, develop into anything, a great force which might carry them farther than they dared think of, force upon them powers and responsibilities from which they shrank instinctively. The Government's declarations, the conveniently obtained judicial ruling that they were acting illegally, must have had its desired psychological effect. The Government propaganda, the insidious atmosphere of the West End of London, may have unconsciously worked upon men who were of necessity out of touch for the time being with their own people. The fighting line was as rigid as steel. But one cannot resist the conclusion that the nerves of G. H. Q. were shaken. They were in a mood to catch at the first opportunity of honorably breaking off the battle and returning to their normal habits. And so, when opportunity seemed to have come they did catch at it, over-eagerly, without waiting to consider whether it was, in fact, an opportunity or a trap.

All big struggles are at bottom a test and a trial of nerves. Reduced to its simplest terms the explanation of the whole business seems to be that the nerves of the General Council gave way a few hours before the nerves of the Government.

It is too soon to strike a balance of gain and loss with any confidence. But one has the impression that the ill effects of the bad days which closed the strike will, though serious enough, be transient, whereas the effect of the realization during the week of struggle of its own power will leave a lasting impression on the British Labor movement.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Florida Cashes in Her Chips

By STELLA CROSSLEY

THE Florida boom has collapsed. The world's greatest poker game, played with building lots instead of chips, is over. And the players are now cashing in or paying up.

Most of them, of course, are paying up; for, just as in poker, the chief winners are the big boys who had had experience in the game and a large roll of money to start with and were able either to quit early with their winnings or play on to the end of the game when the stacks of all the little fellows had melted away.

Some big fellows who didn't expect the game to break up so soon and gambled heavily toward the end lost heavily, and some little fellows who took a few hands when the game was going best and cashed in before the finish are also rich or better off. But for the most part, uncountable numbers of Americans, who believe cards and gambling sinful, have staked their all in Florida's feverish game and lost. And the roads leading northward are today black with these sadder and wiser, but poorer people.

And it is a strangely quiet exodus. To see and realize conditions throughout Florida today and compare them with what they were only a short time back one would expect, if not a great hue and cry, at least great lamentations throughout the nation. But perhaps it's too soon for those cheated at the game to "squeal." Too many still have hope of getting their money back.

"For land's sake," exclaimed my neighbor in Sinclair Hills Subdivision (four miles outside Tampa's city limits), "now you've unloaded your place and are going North, don't say anything about Florida till we can unload ours. We've been knocking Florida among ourselves, but if we have to board up this house and go off and leave it vacant after trying these three months to sell it, believe me, when we get back to Illinois we're going to praise Florida to the skies! They say they're buying better up North than here anyway, and we've just *got* to sell!"

The circumstances of this woman and her family are typical. With all their savings they came to Tampa last summer and immediately plunged. First they paid $1,000 cash as down payment on a $3,800 "business" lot in Temple Terrace Estates, a far-out subdivision. The "high-pressure" salesman promised immediate street paving, water, etc., and my neighbor, with typical confidence, expected just as immediately to resell at a handsome profit. Then, withdrawing more from their savings, they made down payments on three lots in Inglewood Park (three being necessary because they were of 25 foot frontage) and built there a small house especially to sell. And finally, with virtually the last of their savings, they "invested" in Sinclair Hills and built a "garage apartment" of one room and sleeping porch on the back of their "restricted" lot for temporary living quarters and, of course, eventual sale.

But about the middle of last November buyers or "investors" became noticeably scarce. Our neighbors and the thousands of others in like circumstances grew somewhat restive. Everyone whisperingly admitted "there's a slump on now." Invariably, however, this admission would be followed by some encouraging explanation. First it was: "It's always slow this time o' year; wait till the Christmas holidays are over." Then: "Wait till after the South Florida Fair in February," or "Wait till the races are over"; and finally: "It's bound to pick up in April—last April was our biggest month."

But it never "picked up." On the contrary, like a gigantic balloon that had been punctured, the gas began noiselessly and gradually but surely to escape until by early March it had to be admitted by all, even the most frantic Florida boosters, that the end had come and that nothing but the shriveled skin of that enormous thing was left. Roger Babson, the statistician of Babson Park, Florida, fame, declared that "anyone who doesn't know the subdivision business is dead, is dead himself from the nose up."

When full realization of this began to dawn on all, such as our friends in Sinclair Hills, quiet panic began. The big boys and the bankers, who, incidentally, take 8 per cent interest in Florida but lend nothing with a subdivision lot as security, declared: "We are now back on a stable basis." But ordinary folk said: "The boom is busted."

Throughout the State today are the eloquent signs of the boom's collapse and, as the native Floridian contemptuously describes it, "The rats are scuttling the ship," or "The 'binder boys' are marching through Georgia." Indeed, this hegira is described best by a Georgian, lounging on his doorstep along the highway: "'Pears like they's mo' comin' out o' Florida than evah went down. I've timed twenty-seven Florida cars goin' by in the last hour and they been goin' by like that fo' mo' than a month now."

This is almost true. The larger cities like Tampa and Miami, where but lately the streets were teeming with traffic, forcing the installation of new traffic and parking systems, are now nearly as lifeless as the street on a theater curtain. And where once neither living quarters nor office space could be found, the wind now whips For Rent signs on every other building.

My own experience is typical and shows this contrast of conditions. In cities like Tampa and St. Petersburg on the West Coast the landlords last October were holding people up for $150 a month on dingy two-room apartments, and these could scarcely be found at that price. In Miami they were demanding $250 a month for similar quarters, requiring tenants to pay the first and last two months on a year's lease in advance. It was this situation that forced us to buy a lot in far-out Sinclair Hills and build, finding that there the down payment and monthly payments would be somewhat lower than such rent prices and we considered that, even though the boom collapsed, it was the more economical choice between two gangs of thieves.

By March this situation had completely reversed. In Miami, as a friend there expressed it, "the landlords are crawling up and down Flagler Street on their hands and knees, begging you to take their $250 apartments at $50 a month." This friend, who by the same conditions we encountered on the West Coast had been forced to make a down payment of $5,000 on an $18,000 home in Coral Gables and who last winter could not accept offers of $20,000 to $25,000 because he could find no place else to live and could not leave the city because his business was at stake,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

today finds that he cannot get $10,000 for his home. Indeed, there are no buyers at any price.

The result of this situation is that the big "developments" throughout Florida are having lots thrown back on their hands into their resale departments. There are instances where from 50 to 75 per cent of the buyers, unable to sell and unable to meet their second payments, have forsaken their "investments" for the development companies to do with as they may.

And since even most of the largest developments were "shoe-stringing"—making their promised improvements only as the deferred payments came in—their improvements were halted; contracts with construction companies canceled; salesmen, workmen, clerical help, and others laid off, and bills mounting into the millions of dollars for advertising, building materials, and such left unpaid.

Every few days now one hears the underground rumbling of the collapse of one of the big developments, the whispered bankruptcy of a leading realtor. A Tampa landlady who had made big money on two rooming houses during the fall and winter, charging fabulous prices for unsanitary rooms and so-called apartments, told me the last week in March that out of fourteen roomers in one house only two were left, and eight out of ten roomers in the other house had "stood her up" for the rent. She said they were clerical workers, advertising men, and salesmen employed by "a $100,000,000 development" in Tampa who had failed to receive their pay or had been discharged.

Thus, like a house of cards, the slight disturbance of one card has laid the house low—all industry and commerce throughout Florida is seriously affected. The newspapers and magazines which grew fat on wild, hullabaloo advertising of real estate have enormous sums written in red on their books today. The auditor of one leading magazine told me "on the quiet" that it was $190,000 "in the red." In a new court recently created in Hillsborough County, of which Tampa is the seat, to care for civil actions, 80 per cent of the cases have been replevins of automobiles, payments on which have not been met.

Every day now the Florida newspapers in articles and editorials declare in heated terms that "business is good," that at present there is "merely a readjustment that had to come," and they denounce violently anyone who makes a statement to the contrary. In true American fashion they cast about for a scapegoat to blame the "readjustment" upon. Presto! Two are found! "Northern propaganda founded on jealousy of our prosperity" and the "binder boys."

There is some measure of truth, perhaps, in the statement that "Northern propaganda" hastened the collapse; but most of it was not vicious but rather genuinely truthful descriptions of Florida conditions. But the last thing the man with his fortunes at stake in the Florida boom really wanted was the truth. "Truth," to him, was always a flattering, exaggerated talk about Florida's climate and advantages. "Lies" were anything the least discouraging to possible "investors."

As for blaming it on the "binder boys"—hypothetical gentlemen always of the hated Jewish extraction—who bought short-time options on property with intention to sell the option or the property before the option was up, that is something of a joke to an unbiased observer who has lived through the boom. The truth is that a very high percentage of all those who played in the Florida real-estate game were "binder boys" of greater or lesser degree. Most property was bought, not for use, nor even to hold long, but to sell quickly at the biggest possible profit. And a great majority of those who made down payments on expensive properties or lots had no plan or notion of making the second payments; nothing, in fact, but an assurance of "a quick turnover" whenever desired.

A California Liberal

By MICHAEL BLOUNT

IN 1910 Hiram Johnson became Governor of California, promising to "kick the Southern Pacific out of politics." He did kick the Southern Pacific out of politics; and he kept it out by means of commissions designed to regulate public utilities and empowered to make their rulings final save for a review by the State Supreme Court.

But in 1916 Johnson went to the Senate, and the story of California since then has been the story of the gradual seizure by the big corporations of the very commissions Johnson created to watch over them. These commissions are appointed by the Governor. The incumbent Governor, Friend William Richardson, has been able, through a number of vacancies, to pack the commissions with men who by nature and inclination are corporation supporters.

Until a year or so ago, however, the State Supreme Court, possessed of the power to review the acts of the commissions, was a check upon their too often arbitrary holdings. Today, because of resignations and other circumstantial factors, the Supreme Court itself is composed of a majority of appointed justices, including the Chief Justice, and to appeal to the court from a decision of a commission is to undertake a task well-nigh futile in the face of the natural tendency of the appointed justices to sustain the acts of the appointed commissioners. The check which once kept the commissions within the limits of judicial decency has been destroyed, and the Governor, as the appointing power, is virtually the head of the judiciary.

Friend William Richardson boasts that he has never listened to a plea for clemency. He is reported to have said that the jury which convicted Anita Whitney of criminal syndicalism, on evidence which proved she was opposed to violence in any form, should have brought in a verdict of death. This sort of rumor has caused even his former backers to wonder how they can get rid of him.

But the Governor's opponents for the Republican nomination in the August primaries have not been able to evoke much enthusiasm. One, the present Lieutenant Governor, C. C. Young, is intelligently progressive and of no little ability. He is a quiet man, however, and has done little more than ripple the political pond. The other—Rex Goodcell of San Bernadino—has wet tendencies, and these tendencies hurt him in the south, where he should be strongest, while he is relatively unknown in the north.

Until recently it seemed probable that out of this lethargic condition Richardson would emerge with the nomination, and nomination in this case means election. A short while ago, however, a new figure entered the lists, and the situation has undergone a change. In an address to the lawyers of Fresno County Thomas J. Lennon, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, announced his candidacy for the chief justiceship, and made certain pertinent remarks which startled the State. After twenty-four years

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of unostentatious service on the bench Lennon told his hearers that he was weary of watching the disintegration of the Supreme Court, that what California needed was not more courts but more work by the courts now in existence, and that the present situation, wherein the acts of appointed commissioners must be passed on by a court the majority of whose members are also appointed, is intolerable and destructive of the State constitution. He asserted that "a coterie of high-powered corporation lawyers and ex- and incumbent judges of high- and low-powered courts handpick and handicap judicial appointments," that there is "a beaten path from the door of the chief justice to the door of the chief executive," that "there should be no such link between the judicial and executive branches of the government," and that the judiciary must be restored to the people, to whom it belongs.

Lennon's announcement, wholly unheralded, has put steam into the Young and Goodcell boilers, and raised Lennon overnight from a quiet, unassuming, hard-working magistrate to the most-talked-of political figure in the State. Here, it seems, is one judge at least who will not pussyfoot. He appears to know nothing of circumlocution. He states his case without a softening word, breaking through the hedges of that sacrosanct dignity which is supposed to surround judicial office.

The opposition is furnished by the present Chief Justice, William H. Waste, appointed by the Governor, whom the Governor refers to as "my chief justice." Waste is a nice, nervous little man who took office following the resignation of Louis W. Myers. Myers had been appointed by Richardson following the resignation of Lucien Shaw, who had been appointed by Richardson following the resignation of Curtis D. Wilbur, who had been appointed by Richardson following the resignation of Frank M. Angellotti. Angellotti had been elected by the people, but resigned to become chief counsel for the Western Pacific. Wilbur resigned to become Secretary of the Navy. Shaw resigned because, it is understood, he agreed to do so after one year so that Myers might have the job; and Meyers resigned to make room for Waste.

Waste is making a typical Y. M. C. A. campaign. As the head of that organization in California some years ago, Waste promulgated the rule forbidding the admission of Negroes to its rites. He has courted the support of the Klan in the sparsely settled districts, and will have the support of the Governor. He is bone dry and opposed to any referendum on the Volstead Act.

Lennon has gone on record as saying that "a verdict from the people, one way or the other, can do no harm on any question." Indeed, Lennon consistently has championed the right of the people to control a government they own. He dissented from the opinion ruling the 1924 La Follette electors from the California ballot. In his dissent, which was marked by a restrained and modulated vehemence, he reduced the opinion of the court to absurdity, and pointed out that no technical interpretation of a liberal statute should be permitted so to pervert the meaning of that statute as to deny the people the very rights that the statute sought to give them. He also dissented from the order denying Anita Whitney a hearing by the Supreme Court of California.

It is possible that Waste may win. It is also possible that Richardson may win. But there is hope at least that California in 1926 will have occasion to congratulate itself as it did in 1910, and that the nomination of Lennon and the defeat of Richardson will result in the emancipation of the judicial and executive branches of its government.

In the Driftway

AS a rule the Drifter doesn't read the political news with great assiduity. Commonly it bores him and it never seems to make much difference who is chosen at the primary or final elections. The Drifter thinks the situation was admirably summarized by Pat, a janitor friend whom somebody once chided for having failed to vote. "It's this way," explained Pat. "Whoever is elected I'll have to get up and go to work tomorrow morning just the same."

* * * * *

BUT the other day, through a sense of duty or boredom or some other insufficient reason, the Drifter read all the way through an account of the Maine primaries. And was rewarded. For down at the very end of the dispatch from Portland he found a gold nugget: "In Allegash plantation, Aroostook County, all the male voters were absent on a log drive on the St. John River. The women apparently were timid about going to the polls, and not a single vote was cast." That is what the Drifter calls a sensible—and probably a happy—community. What should any red-blooded men care for politics when there was a log drive to occupy them? A feminist friend of the Drifter's resents the assumption that the women were too timid to go to the polls, insisting that that is merely a statement of the reporter's prejudices; more likely the women were too busy tending the babies or feeding the chickens. Well, so much the better. That's a further indication that the community is a sensible and a happy one. Anyhow the Drifter's fancy was so much tickled that at once he looked up Allegash on the map and found it way up in the northwest corner of Maine, twenty miles from a railroad track and twenty thousand miles from politics. The Drifter contemplates a speedy visit to Allegash. Only he thinks he will go in winter, when he will probably be snowed in and will thus have a good excuse for making a long stay. He has hopes that in Allegash there is not more than one radio per family and that they have not yet heard of the crime wave or the failure of prohibition—never having tried either.

* * * * *

HAROLD HERSEY amiably protests because this oracle on June 16 said that the *Quill* was founded by Arthur H. Moss:

> The fact of the matter is three of us conceived and carried into effect the *Quill*. They were Forrest Mann, Arthur Moss, and myself. At the time I had just enlisted as a buck private in the army and was editing *Le Dernier Cri*, the *Spectator*, and other Village "mags." We had our office in an old ramshackle structure on Sheridan Square, now a highly respectable, commonplace apartment house. One evening we had nothing better to do and so we founded the *Quill*. I thought I could conduct its editorial affairs from the ranks of the army while Moss handled business details, but it proved too much for me and Moss and I soon disagreed on every possible matter that came up, although we still remain the best of friends.

THE DRIFTER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Bill Hard Translates Catullus

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the delightful article by Ludwig Lewisohn, Catullus in Verona, I find a charming translation of the famous first six lines of Catullus's fifth poem.

I cannot rival this translation for poetry, but I venture to send you another translation which may be interesting from another standpoint. I have rendered each line of Catullus by an exactly corresponding line of English; I have used Catullus's exact figures of speech; I have retained Catullus's flippant tone in lines two and three; and I have used Catullus's own hendecasyllabic meter. Thus, while the reader will not be so charmed as by Mr. Lewisohn's translation, he will, as a minor matter, learn more precisely just what Catullus said, and how he said it, in this eternally appealing passage.

With tremblings by the author, here this literal translation is:

> Live we, Lesbia, live and love and love, dear.
> Cackles now of the oldsters grown so serious
> Let us take at the weight of one brass penny.
> Suns can set and can then return awakened.
> We, when once has our little light gone from us,
> Sleep (we must) in a darkness, one, unending.

Washington, D. C., June 20 WILLIAM HARD

Free Traders Convene

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is to be an International Conference to promote the Taxation of Land Values and Free Trade at Copenhagen, Denmark, from July 20 to July 31. The Genus Homo, species Free Trader, is about extinct in this country. The truth which W. G. Sumner, David A. Wells, Henry George, and John DeWitt Warner once made so plain has become eclipsed, proving Roger Babson right when he said:

> The war taught the employing class the secret and power of widespread propaganda. Imperial Europe had been aware of this power. It was new to the United States. Now when we have anything to sell the American people we know how to sell it. We have learned. We have the schools. We have the pulpits. The employing class owns the press. There is practically no important newspaper in the United States but is theirs.

The Copenhagen Conference will be held in the Parliament building. Charles O'Connor Hennessy of New York has been chosen to preside. On the program the following topics are down for discussion: World Peace, Unemployment, the Housing Problem, the Importance of Free Trade for the Recovery of Europe, Taxation of Land Values in Practice, Land Valuation, Henry George and Denmark, Land Division in Germany, the Historical Development of Danish Agricultural Rights. Excursions to the farming districts and the colonies of small holders will be particularly interesting. It was the reform of farming conditions, getting the land back to the farmer, that put Denmark on such a basis of general prosperity that the little country weathered the war years and did so much to feed all Europe. The Danish farmer has done away with the middleman.

This conference is called by those who believe that taxation should be used to prevent monopolies, not to create them; to equitably diffuse wealth, not to unjustly concentrate it; to promote liberty and equality of rights and not to abolish them. Besides representatives from England and America there will be delegations from Germany, Austria, France, and other countries.

New York, June 10 CHESTER C. PLATT

SPUNK

The Foundation of American Independence

In the rock-ribbed State of Maine, a veteran of the Civil War was running for the office of First Selectman. On Saturday night he wound up his campaign with an eloquent attack on his opponent, the village saloon-keeper, who thereupon rose to his feet and remarked testily:

"If you didn't shoot off your mouth so much, Rogers, you might get an office in this town sometime."

The Colonel drew himself to his full six feet, and replied:

"I wouldn't forego the pleasure of shootin' off my mouth for any office in the town of Patten."

In New England
they call it spunk
In Pennsylvania
they call it nerve

From Pittsburgh a subscriber to *The Nation* writes:

"You had a lot of nerve to inform me of the expiration of my subscription at the very time you castigate our method of shelling out the coin here in Pennsylvania when we want to select an honorable representative to the U. S. Senate. . . .

"It is this attitude of yours on public questions that makes it a pleasure to renew my subscription to an honest, fearless publication."

Spunk or nerve, whichever you call it, it is the essence of American independence and the spirit in which THE NATION has been edited for sixty-one years.

THE NATION
20 Vesey Street, New York City

Please send me *The Nation* for a year.

Name .....

Address .....

$5 a year Canadian $5.50. Foreign $6

7-7-26

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

Margins

By WILBERT SNOW

The birds frequent the entrance to the wood,
And fish patrol the edges of the shore;
March breezes that anticipate May's mood
And nuzzle round torn fences token more
To me than mid-May's lilac-scented noons;
A friend who leaves me at my inmost shrine
Is dearer far than one who importunes
From me the secrets I would still keep mine;
And even lovers stale not who retreat
From chambers in love's mansion where alone
Their loved ones sit determined to defeat
Gregarious hours challenging their own—
Aware that half the secret of a star
Is grace to know the sun's heat from afar.

The French Revolution and After

L'Esprit Révolutionnaire en France et aux États-Unis à la Fin du XVIIIe Siècle. By Bernard Fay. Paris: E. Champion.

Napoleon and Marie Louise: The Fall of the Empire. By Walter Geer. Brentano's. $5.

Memoirs of a Napoleonic Officer. By Jean-Baptiste Barrès. The Dial Press. $4.

On the Road with Wellington. By August Ludolf Friedrich Schaumann. Alfred A. Knopf. $7.50.

THE fascination of the heroic period of French history from the eve of the revolution to the overthrow of Napoleon Bonaparte continues to make itself felt. Here we have four books, two by Frenchmen, one by an American, and one by a German, all written with contagious enthusiasm and each contributing, by way either of new material or of new interpretation, to a better appreciation of the period. M. Fay has embodied in a volume which should be translated into English at the earliest possible moment the results of long labors in France and America upon the mutual influence of revolutionary ideas and ideals as they developed on both sides of the water in the last three decades of the eighteenth century. Hitherto there had been no adequate study of the interpenetration of the philosophic, religious, and literary ideas of the two countries during this time in which took place "the greatest battle of ideas in modern times." Nor is the author content merely to trace the origin and weigh the abstract value of these ideas; he attempts to show also how they leavened the spirit of the masses in both countries and so made permanent contributions to the mutual national psychologies—both in their sympathetic and in their antipathetic elements. Passing easily and frequently from Philadelphia to Paris and from Paris back to Philadelphia, Boston, or Charleston as his center of thought, M. Fay skilfully weaves his threads into a convincing pattern, showing the struggle here between sympathy and repulsion for the triumphing philosophy of Jacobinism, and the eclipse of fraternity in "the great schism" of 1795-1800.

Mr. Geer's book is a companion volume to his "Napoleon and Josephine." Yet is it hardly a supplement to that. Chronologically the new volume repeats the second half of the old; but the treatment is from an entirely different point of view. Josephine was the outstanding figure there, and Napoleon's fortunes were considered from the point of view of the influences and the fate of the charming Creole who played an important part even in the days of repudiation and quasi-exile. Mr. Geer's theme now is "the Austrian marriage and its effects on the Russian alliance." Beginning with the Polish campaign of 1806-1807, the author treats in detail the formation of the alliance of Napoleon with Alexander of Russia, and the complicated results of that alliance in the diplomatic and military relations between Napoleon and the Powers of Europe. He looks upon Tilsit as the critical event in Napoleon's career. Had the entente negotiated there "been consolidated and perpetuated," he says, "it is probable that England would have given up the struggle and that his object would have been attained. The rupture with Russia, to which the Austrian alliance directly led, revived the almost extinct coalition, drew Napoleon into disastrous enterprises [the Moscow campaign], and ended in his downfall." It is to the disastrous enterprises and the downfall that the second half of the volume is devoted. The elements that entered into Napoleon's downfall are so complex that it is perhaps a bit rash to emphasize any one of them unduly. Napoleon himself, at St. Helena, attributed his downfall to the Spanish revolt: "Cette malheureuse guerre m'a perdu." Scholars may quarrel with Mr. Geer on this point. But they will all have only praise for the thoroughness, clarity, and charm of his work. Especially to those readers who are not acquainted with the writings of Vandal he will bring a new revelation of Napoleon's contacts with Russia.

Jean-Baptiste Barrès (the grandfather of Maurice Barrès) rose from being a 20-year-old skirmisher of the Guard at the time of Napoleon's coronation in 1804 to be lieutenant and member of the Legion of Honor before the overthrow of the Emperor. He made his peace with the Restoration government, adhered to the Revolution of 1830, and after thirty years of service under one regime or another died in the early days of the July Monarchy. His diaries, transcribed from "dozens of little note-books, tattered and soiled, which he had carried about with him, in his haversack, for twenty years, over half the highways of Europe," are now published by his distinguished grandson. Barrès had no need to hang himself, like "brave Crillon," for he was "there" at all the great battles of the empire: Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, Friedland, Dresden, and Leipzig. He bore a charmed life, like his great commander. But, unlike his great commander, he has given us a most vivid picture of the daily life of soldiers in camp and on the march.

While Barrès, under the shadow of the imperial eagles, was jotting down a record of victories and hardships across the Rhine, a fair-haired Hanoverian commissary in the army of the Duke of Wellington was keeping a detailed diary of the campaign against Napoleon's marshals in the Iberian peninsula. This diary, designed only "for the entertainment and edification of his family," lay hidden in the author's German home for a hundred years, until, in 1922, it was published (like that of Barrès) by a grandson. From the original German work in two large volumes Mr. Ludovici has selected for translation the part dealing with the Peninsular War. From the moment that Commissary Schaumann landed in the raging surf off the shores of Portugal, in August, 1808, until an August day six years later, when he returned to London to celebrate the wild Peace Festival and was unable to reach his lodgings at two o'clock in the morning for "the stream of people who poured down the Strand with me" and "dragged me along with it," this is a tale of uninterrupted excitement. And the tale loses nothing in the telling because the diarist is something of a swashbuckler and more of a Lothario. Some passages of the diary rise to the heights of genuine eloquence and pathos. The description of Sir John Moore's retreat to Corunna, for instance, is as harrowingly vivid as any page of Tolstoi's "War and Peace." Commissary Schaumann was an artist with the brush as well as with the pen. The volume is illustrated with twenty of his sketches in color, including as the frontispiece a *Selbstbildnis* which looks like a sweet Little Lord Fauntleroy!

DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is Immigration an Error?

The Melting-Pot Mistake. By Henry Pratt Fairchild. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

THE fundamental thesis of this book is indicated by its title. "The purpose of the melting-pot figure was to convince the American people that immigration did not threaten its unity but tended to produce even a finer type of unity. It failed because it did not take account of the true nature of group unity, of the conditions of its preservation or of the actual consequences of such inroads upon unity as are involved in an immigration movement." Race, nationality, group contacts, the making of a nation, the menace of recent immigration, assimilation, Americanization, the meaning of America, the making of Americans, and the duty of America are among the topics that receive special and well-argued consideration. But race and nationality, which, according to the author, are the two universal foundations of group unity, are the major problems upon which differences of opinion will arise. Racial assimilation, it is argued, is impossible because racial traits, being biologic facts, are transmitted from generation to generation unchanged; they may mix but they do not amalgamate; and in dogs mixture produces a mongrel. Thus a human being made up of numerous strains is a sort of human mosaic, neither more nor less than the sum total of his biologic existence. Mr. Fairchild might have quoted Solomon: "Though thou shouldst bray a fool in mortar with a pestle among wheat yet will not his foolishness depart from him." Pulverized though he might be, the fool would still be all there. Up to 1882 there was no race problem in America because the immigrants came from those races in Europe that were essentially like the American. Then the trouble began: the strains from Eastern and Southeastern Europe brought the new menace that is with us today and that threatens our unity and civilization.

Nationality, on the other hand, being an acquired characteristic, may be socially transmitted and become the basis of national unity. But when the concussions of the Great War had died down "the melting-pot was discovered to be so badly cracked that it is not likely ever to be dragged into service again." The remedy, therefore, is practically to shut out all aliens and Americanize those who are now with us. This logic of course justifies the passage of the pending Alien Registration bills—with an initial fee of ten dollars, subsequent annual fines of five dollars, and the inauguration of a general system of espionage. It should be said at once, however, that the author does not recommend harsh treatment of the alien now in our midst; he simply does not believe that in general the foreign-born person can become a real American; he believes that only those born and educated here can understand the meaning of America.

Condemning, as Mr. Fairchild does, the melting-pot symbol as a mistake, one may be justified in asking whether the new symbol indicated by his title is not also an assumption unwarranted by facts. This book impresses one as having been written by one who knows his subject and has mastered his material; it is an excellent statement of his philosophy. But it will leave many unconvinced that the war demonstrated the impossibility of Americanization. Was dragging a German pastor through the streets and compelling him to kiss the flag evidence on the part of the German-Americans of failure to assimilate? Could it not, in the light of what we now know, be truthfully asserted that in view of the policy of our government during the war the German-Americans showed a spirit of loyalty and forbearance unparalleled in the history of war? What proof has ever been adduced to show that the Nordics, apart from environment, have a preeminent claim to democratic ideals of liberty and justice? Were the followers of Mazzini less inspired by these ideals than the adherents of Bismarck? Did Morel, Russell, and MacDonald endure imprisonment to preserve a biologic formula? Is it safe or scientific to assume that Mussolini commands the spirit of the Italians today or Horthy that of the democratic Hungarians? In none of these typical cases is the basis of dissent a racial one; in all it is caused by a mistaken policy on the part of governments or by unscrupulous leaders dominated by the idea of imperialistic aggrandizement. The war proves absolutely nothing about assimilation. The significant thing that it does prove is not that different races and nationalities cannot live in concord under one flag—Switzerland is an outstanding denial of this assumption—but that a certain school of sociologists have no faith in the power of ideals to win and keep men to a common standard.

KARL F. GEISER

A New Science of Character

Physique and Character. By E. Kretschmer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

AS a technical contribution this volume is presumably caviare to the general, even to the fairly omnivorous, reader; but its theme should intensely interest the layman. It is a straightforward attempt to solve anew the enigma of personality, to find the correlation of bodily features and mental traits. As such it takes its place as the latest development of an ancient and persistent inquiry which in its long career has invited many an ambitious and fallacious solution. Quacks have read character, predicted careers, and collected fees. Undisciplined minds have launched fanciful systems of interpretation from Athens and Rome, London and Boston. The problem is legitimate and important; the conviction remains that nature has written the answer in anatomy and physiology and psychology, and it will not be a rare genius but the convergence of well-devised investigations that eventually penetrates and reveals the answer.

Dr. Kretschmer makes a strictly scientific approach, but he conceives scientific method liberally, using all available instruments with allowance for their imperfections. He realizes that measurements and tables do not tell the whole story, and that impressions and pictures are significant even when not reducible to equations. Furthermore, facts require interpretation; hypotheses are needed to give unity and intelligibility to the data. He focuses the entire armory of established methods upon the two terms of the personal equation—physique and character.

The problem is threefold: to determine the distinctive types of bodily physique (constitution); to note the characteristic trends of psychic disposition (temperament); and to establish some relation between these. Dr. Kretschmer recognizes three types of physique: the "asthenic," the "athletic," and the "pyknic." Physique is a composite, complex but objective; character is a still more complex composite with inevitably subjective components. The casual, the amateur, the socially experienced, the scientifically trained observer are all impressed with the differences in response to ordinary situations and stimulations. The critical question is: What are the distinctive types of temperament? The psychoanalysts speak of introvert and extravert; James of tender-minded and tough-minded; Wells of poietic and kinetic; and Burgess of bromide and sulphite. Dr. Kretschmer belongs to a recent movement which has not yet found authoritative formulation, but which proceeds upon a convergence upon a significant set of conclusions. A leading principle is that the clue to psychic dispositions lies in the field of the abnormal. Stated popularly, if you want to know to what variety of homo a given specimen belongs, try to determine what kind of mental disorder he would exhibit if he lost his balance. At first blush this suggests a harsh and almost a cynical judgment; but it is an eminently sound one. For insanity is but the end-term, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

extreme expression, the magnified picture of tendencies present in all of us; and only those protected by the impervious cuticle of mediocre dulness are hopelessly sane. So by defining the goal toward which a man is tending—even though he goes but a moderate way along the route—you stamp his type. That also is an older conception, refined and enriched by modern study.

Dr. Kretschmer follows the Kraepelin classification, which recognizes as the most comprehensive divisions the "cycloid" temperament and the "schizoid." While it is hardly likely that the census-taker of the future will ask whether you are a cycloid or a schizoid, the question may well play a part in questionnaires addressed to the psychoanalytically inclined. Distinctions must be shaded, alloys recognized, and a large allowance made for the deviating types, or the "dysplastic" groups, in turn composed of several wholly different variants. The additional complications of age and sex, of social habit, of direction of talent and endeavor, of facilities and disabilities, aid in projecting the endless varieties of humans—each, however, still with affinity to a type. Of the two orders of men, the schizoids far exceed the cycloids in psychological interest. "Cycloid men are sleek and uncomplicated beings whose feelings rise directly, naturally, and undisguised to the surface, so that everyone can soon get a correct judgment of them. Schizoid men have a surface and a depth." Yet there are average schizoids as well as geniuses within the class, and to each a chapter is devoted. In its complicated development the theme leads to engaging speculations and suggestive excursions.

Finally, for correlation: the most striking conclusion is that pyknics are cycloids and most rarely schizoids; the manic-depressives have a pyknic body type. The exceptions are few. By contrast the schizophrenic disorders draw most largely on the asthenic type, but the athletics and certain of the variant forms contribute measurably. These data are drawn from cases of mental disorder, but are confirmed in trends among the normal. The conclusions can be rationalized and carried out in far-reaching corollaries. They are certainly open to modification and completion; and many a critical reader will be more impressed with the speculative than with the established points in the argument. It particularly needs supplementation from the normal approach. But when the largest allowance is made for the many uncertainties of fact and interpretation, the impression remains of a distinct contribution to the topic, and of a well-handled, fairly convincing analysis. Dr. Kretschmer has not formulated a definitive science of characterology; his types may be but first approaches. But every future contribution will consider his directive ideas; he is launched upon a promising enterprise.

JOSEPH JASTROW

From Plato to Harvey

The Evolution of Anatomy. By Charles Singer. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

THIS is a scholarly work, written with rare literary skill and demanding from the reader but the most elementary knowledge of anatomy and physiology. The history commences with the Greeks and closes with the work of Harvey in 1628. There pass before us Plato and Diocles, Aristotle and Theophrastus, representing the Athenian school; Herophilus, father of anatomy, and Erasistratus, father of physiology, representing the Greek Alexandrians; Galen, "the prince of physicians"; the incomparable Leonardo da Vinci; Vesalius, the reformer of anatomy; Eustachius, the rival of Vesalius; and Fabricius of Padua, one of the greatest of all teachers of anatomy; and finally William Harvey.

Harvey's great work, "An Anatomical Dissertation on the Movement of the Heart and Blood in Animals," appeared in Frankfurt in 1628 as a miserably printed little quarto. By this brief tract the whole scientific outlook on the human body was transformed. From now on men began to think physiologically even when occupied in purely anatomical study. Harvey took up his theme practically where Galen had left it. With Harvey, at last, a clear idea again emerges that each organ has a discoverable function and is related in its mode of working to all the other organs and to the body as a whole. The point of view of Harvey, however, is very different from that of Galen, so that in the coming centuries we hear less of design and more of machine. Dr. Singer has treated the history of anatomy as a secular conversation between great minds—a debate continued through the ages. His book is the kind we have been led to expect from the foremost medical historian in England.

BENJAMIN HARROW

Forces and Men

Europe from Waterloo to Sarajevo. By Percy Ashley. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

ACCORDING to the author this is a sketch of the political development of Europe from the downfall of Napoleon in 1815 to the outbreak of 1914. To a reader familiar with the salient features of nineteenth-century European history the work will seem fragmentary and incomplete. Mr. Ashley ignores entirely or mentions only casually many aspects of economic and social history which are closely connected with the political history of the period. Although he attributes a due share of the blame for the catastrophe of 1914 to the imperialistic expansion of Europe after 1870, he says very little of the underlying causes of that expansion. In the preface he defends himself by reminding us that everything cannot be included in a work of such narrow compass. This is quite true; yet in the same preface he betrays the fact that his book was written with a purpose.

> In the first half of the century statesmen could call into being, or at least could guide, forces whereby the map of Europe in 1815 was greatly changed; in the second half of the century, and especially in its last five-and-twenty years, they were driven by forces which they had not evoked and could do little to direct or restrain.

It is in defense of this thesis—one which few well-informed students of recent and contemporary history would support—that Mr. Ashley writes. It must be admitted that at first glance he seems to have succeeded fairly well. Certainly, as we follow him on his lucid way to the dawning of the world tragedy of 1914, we become more and more inclined to feel that, after all, individual acts and motives played but a negligible part. The statesmen of Europe seem like puppets in the grasp of a brutal force. The problem of war guilt is being warmly debated, and Mr. Ashley's point of view about it is interesting. It is a comfortable one as well, for it absolves everybody of responsibility. Yet its implications give not even a faint hope for the future. If the forces which bathed Europe in blood in 1914 are utterly beyond the possibility of human control, then we have little in store for us but an endless series of similar catastrophes.

It is therefore a relief to turn to the supplementary chapter on the causes of the World War which Harry Elmer Barnes contributes to the book. For Mr. Barnes writes from exactly the opposite point of view. He admits the titanic qualities of the forces engendered by the system of political organization which developed in Europe after 1870, but he does not exonerate the statesmen of Europe from their share of the blame; for, after all, it was the statesmen who manipulated the system. Consequently Mr. Barnes's chapter has a judicious quality and a stamp of sober conviction which Mr. Ashley's work lacks.

CATHARINE E. YOUNG

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Brief

The John Quinn Collection of Paintings, Water Colors, Drawings, and Sculpture. Huntington, N. Y.: Pigeon Hill Press.

Now that the John Quinn collection is scattered the catalogue remains a noble if inadequate memorial to one of the finest collections of modern pictures America has ever seen. It is an invaluable book to keep on a convenient table and thumb through at odd moments. With its 200 reproductions of modern pictures it is a perfect supplement to Faure's volume on modern art, Clive Bell's "Since Cézanne," Gordon's "Modern Painters," and Pach's "Masters of Modern Art." The influence of French painting upon American art is incalculable, and much of that influence reached American artists through the collection of John Quinn, who was ever ready to exhibit his pictures publicly or privately. For that reason the catalogue of his collection, even though it illustrates predominantly French painting, is an important item in the history of contemporary American art.

Occidental Gleanings. By Lafcadio Hearn. Edited by Albert Mordell. Two volumes. Dodd, Mead and Company. $6.

A collection of Hearn's contributions to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and *Commercial* and to the New Orleans *Times-Democrat, Item,* and other papers. In themselves the articles are lucid and undoubtedly valuable to the Hearn scholar, but it is less certain that they add much to their author's fame. At best they only confirm the range of his sympathies and his curiosity, for already in the eighties the passion for things rich and strange is manifest in subjects as diverse as Creole grammar and Creole songs, the Touarick Arabs and aphis-eggs.

Gandle Follows His Nose. By Heywood Broun. Boni and Liveright. $1.50.

Gandle spent his childhood close to dragons, so when at eighteen he goes adventuring into life there is nothing that he does not willingly encounter. At first his whims are fulfilled by a magic cap and a genie, but the charm of their gifts does not divert him long, and he sets out a second time to seek more substantial romance. There is fantasy as well as mild humor and pleasant philosophy upon the road that Gandle treads as he follows his nose; but it must have been a rather straight and simple nose after all.

Cuckoo. By Douglas Goldring. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.

A third-rate English novel of the "Constant Nymph" school. Sincere and smutty, with a tapering plot and no redeeming qualities.

Man Alone. By George Agnew Chamberlain. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

A dull story. The progress is from child to herculean Master of the Glass Works.

The Shoals of Honour. By Elizabeth Sanxay Holding. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

It is hard because of its excellent and finished style and its keenness of characterization to dismiss this book as merely unsuccessful. Basil Hazeltine, parasitical hanger-on of society, suggests an immediate comparison with the famous Lily Bart, but he emerges as a somewhat more flexible and modern piece of psychological construction. In his case, however, after the debacle an attempt is made to show that his weakness is mostly environment-made habit and that he has a genuine level in life among the average middle-class suburbanites. This is where Mrs. Holding fails. The working up of the story has been too slow; the shift, while logically provided for, comes too quickly to be dramatically convincing; the balance is lost.

White Servitude in Pennsylvania: Indentured and Redemption Labor in Colony and Commonwealth. By Cheesman A. Herrick. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. $4.50.

The apportionment clause in the American Constitution mentions "those bound to service for a term of years." Constitutional commentaries usually dismiss this quotation as referring to apprentices, and most American histories dealing with the colonial period give it little more than a passing notice; but the fact is that "those bound to service" referred to a class of laborers constituting a form of servitude that played an important part in the economic system in several of the colonies, notably Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. Dr. Herrick's book is a complete and very excellent study of this institution in all its phases in the colony and commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The "Indentured servants," or "Redemptioners" as they were called, were a class of immigrants who were unable to pay for their passage on embarking and who arranged with the captain or master of the vessel to be transported without payment in advance, but with the understanding that if on landing in America their friends would not redeem them they would bind themselves to service for a term of years, usually four to seven, to anyone who might pay their passage. Thus originated a system of servitude, midway between slavery and free labor, which developed into a fixed system regulated by contracts and laws, and in Pennsylvania was an important part of the labor system from the founding of the colony until after the revolution. This is by far the best account yet written of this important subject.

The Jewish Anthology. Edited by Edmond Fleg. Translated by Maurice Samuel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

Those who seek short cuts to knowledge will welcome this work which sums up as effectively as possible the characteristic literary and philosophical expression of the Jewish mind during the past twenty-five hundred years. Some notion of the diversity of the contributions may be had from the fact that the originals of these utterances include every important language of Europe in addition to Hebrew, Aramaic, Latin, and ancient Greek. Naturally the material is fragmentary and inadequate.

Georgian Stories, 1925. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

The skill which characterizes English writing is almost oppressively present in this volume. This craftsmanship is exhibited on diverse themes, none significant, and applied to varied characters, none profound. A fling with high society by Michael Arlen, an allegory by E. M. Forster, a pleasant satire by Aldous Huxley, and an essay rather than a story by C. E. Montague are the high spots.

□ THEATER □

THE THEATRE GUILD Presents
AT MRS. BEAM'S
A Comedy by C. K. MUNRO
with ALFRED LUNT, LYNN FONTANNE, JEAN CADELL, HELEN WESTLEY, HENRY TRAVERS AND OTHERS
GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St.; West of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Matinees THURS. and SAT., 2:30.

THE GRAND STREET FOLLIES
4th Annual Revue of NEIGHBORHOOD
Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Drydock 7516. Eves. (Except Mon.) at 8:30—Friday Matinees July 2nd and 9th.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

International Relations Section

Peace Tendencies in France

By ALFRED LOWRY

Paris, May 30

ONE of the significant signs of the times in France is the marked increase of interest in the problem of the right of conscientious objection to military service. In a country where conscription has hitherto been accepted as a matter of course, like death and taxes, and where any opposition was regarded both by the state and by public opinion as one of the basest forms of human depravity and cowardly selfishness, no change in the mental attitude of the people could be of greater moment, as indicating the growth of a will to peace.

This interest may be said to date from September of last year, when those in charge of the Twenty-fourth International Peace Congress, held in Paris and subsidized by the Government, sought most unwisely to stifle all discussion of the problem. In the months which have followed many meetings have been held where this question was the chief topic under discussion. Georges Pioch, literary critic and distinguished orator in a land of orators, has courageously espoused the cause of the C. O. Articles keep appearing in the daily press and in more thoughtful journals, both for and against; the subject is being aired and is becoming a live issue. André Ripert and Jules Brunand, representing the interesting organization known as l'U.S.T.I.C.A. (l'Union Syndicale des Techniciens de l'Industrie, du Commerce et de l'Agriculture) are out for it, and even the prudent Ligue des Droits de l'Homme, which has done so much for oppressed individuals from Dreyfus onward but which has hitherto fled the question of conscientious objection like the plague, recently opened the columns of its *Cahiers* to the problem. Ferdinand Buisson, its valiant and aged president, would appear to be undergoing a pronounced modification in his own attitude to the question.

La Jeune République (often described as the Marc Sangnier movement, Catholic for the most part, pacifist but cautious) has not come out for the extreme position. But at a dinner recently given to some forty carefully selected people, in the interest of the great peace conference and demonstration which is being organized for the month of August at Bierville, near Paris, Marc Sangnier called upon two persons to speak, whose position he knew beforehand was that of out-and-out pacifism, clearly showing that what the group will not yet announce themselves they will at least gladly listen to.

Last autumn a young author, André Chamson, brought out a novel called "Roux—le Bandit." It is the simple, artless story of a Cevenol peasant who, because he could not as a Christian go to the front in 1914, vanished into the mountains to lead a parlous existence threatened by starvation, the cold, and the rifles of the gendarmes. The book has run to some 13,000 copies, and is still selling well. Instead of being privately printed obscurely in a province, it is issued by Grasset, a publisher of established reputation. The book is being discussed and reviewed. (One might add that the story is in essential points true to fact, and that the original of Roux is at present serving his eighth year of a twenty-year sentence in a prison in the South. Efforts are being made to secure all important information in the case, with a view to obtaining his release.)

For young Frenchmen who have their military service before them the personal problem is a knotty one, indeed. One would be content to suffer if one could by so doing bring the whole question to a head and bear witness to what one is convinced is the better way. But the authorities hush up as promptly as possible any cases of refusal, and unless one succeeds in fleeing the country one is spirited away—to prison, to an asylum for the insane (no man in his senses could hold such fantastic views!), or, even worse, to one of the penal colonies—Africa, Guiana, New Caledonia—the twentieth-century equivalent of the ancient "oubliettes," where one may languish helplessly for a score of years or longer. It is a real and terrible dilemma, and there are those who are agonizingly seeking the right course.

Leaving this personal aspect of the peace question in France, one may ask what groups are doing active work. A careful investigation of some twenty-six societies or organizations professing pacifist principles was not too encouraging. Bulletins and banquets, gestures and a marvelous prudence seemed to characterize a number of them, and traces were not lacking of what the French call *arrivisme*, which includes the unashamed love of bits of ribbon and the joy of seeing one's name on a letterhead. As in other countries, the activities of such groups are of little concern to the Government. The authorities know that they preach peace in times of peace, but will drop all and flock to the colors at the first threat of war. Hence the state subsidizing of the Congress last September.

But of these twenty-six, at least ten organizations are sincere and serious. Among the groups actively concerned for peace are the French sections of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and the Society of Friends. Then there are the distinctly French associations, such as Les Libérés de Toutes les Guerres, La Ligue pour la Reconnaissance Legale de l'Objection de Conscience, La Mère Educatrice, etc. Large groups of war veterans are taking a strongly pacifist position. A list of individual public men and authors might be prolonged indefinitely: Henri Barbusse, Victor Margueritte, Armand Charpentier, Pierre Hamp, Madeleine Vernet, Banville d'Hostel, Madame Sévérine, Georges Pioch, Madame Malaterre-Sellier, Madame Duchêne, André Jouve, Charles Brun, Gouttenoire de Toury, Jeanne Melin, Marcelle Capy, Charles Richet, Grillot de Givry, Han Ryner, Professor Georges Demartial. And the number grows.

Of the Paris daily papers those most far-sighted along lines of international understanding are of course *L'Œuvre*, *la Volonté* (very new), and *le Quotidien*. The latter, though but three years old, is already the fourth paper of France. A number of weekly papers and magazines might be named: *l'Europe*, *l'Europe Nouvelle*, *la Paix par le Droit*, *la Jeune République*, *le Semeur*, *les Libérés*, *l'Universel*, *l'Echo des Amis*. The last-named published its first issue on February 1 under the direction of Victor Margueritte and Armand Charpentier, and is a serious, well-edited monthly review, definitely devoted to questions concerning international reconciliation.

Mention has been made of the movement centering about Marc Sangnier, which is distinctly but by no means exclusively Catholic in character. After a series of five

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

international conferences, held in Paris, Vienna, Freiburg, London, and Luxembourg, the plan is this year to hold their gathering again in France, at the Chateau de Bierville, near Paris. In planning for this occasion, when they hope to assemble 2,000 or more young people from many different countries and to organize a great international camp, the Jeune République is taking a leaf from the book of two other ardent peace workers, Dr. Demarquette, the enthusiastic leader of the Trait d'Union, and Dr. Dumesnil of the Mouvement Pacifiste Chrétien, joint organizers for the past two years of a successful international camp at Chevreuse.

The most interesting peace work of a definitely Protestant character is that of the group of alert, vigorous young pastors in the new outpost stations of the North (the departments of the Nord and Pas-de-Calais). The spiritual father of the movement, working among the miners and factory-hands of this region, is Pastor Henri Nick of Lille.

Over in the Rhine Valley another pastor, Monsieur Rambaud, is working effectively on both sides of the frontier for reconciliation. It is true that this effort is purposely limited to Protestants of Germany and France, but the limitation is one which defines and focuses the work, without narrowness or bigotry.

Among the masses of the population both in the cities and in the agricultural or mining communities one finds a hatred of war and a realization of its consequences. There is inertia and innate conservatism. But these people know what war is and where it has brought them. They have fought in the trenches and wasted years in prison camps. They have buried their dead, they have borne the grievous burden of their *mutilés*, their widows, and their orphans, under economic conditions that grow steadily more difficult. They know that even Fritz, the individual, was not bad sort, and they ask nothing better than to be allowed to work hard for a most modest living, thriftily contriving to make a little surplus where most people would be compelled to write a deficit. "Live and let live—even the boches!"

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK W. VAN LOON has written and illustrated several books, the most recent of which is "Tolerance."

CHARLES A. BEARD is a well-known historian, among whose publications are "American Government and Politics" and "Contemporary American History."

W. N. EWER is foreign editor of the London *Daily Herald*.

STELLA CROSSLEY is a writer who has been living in Florida.

MICHAEL BLOUNT is the penname of a journalist living in California.

WILBERT SNOW is a New England poet, author of "Maine Coast."

DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY is professor of history at Columbia University.

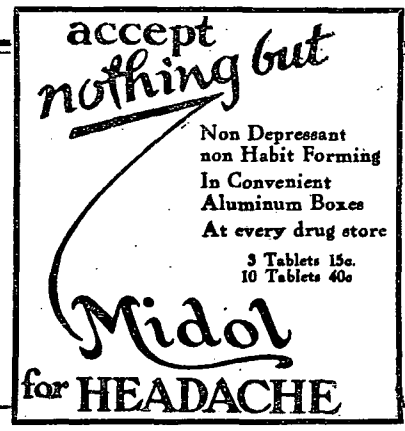
KARL F. GEISER is professor of political science at Oberlin College.

JOSEPH JASTROW is professor of psychology at the University of Wisconsin.

BENJAMIN HARROW is a New York physician and professor of biochemistry at Columbia University.

CATHARINE E. YOUNG is instructor in history at Hunter College.

ALFRED LOWRY is the representative in France of the American Friends Service Committee.



GENERAL DRUG CO., - 94 N. Moore Street. New York

BOOKS

WORKING CLASS BOOKS on ECONOMICS, HISTORY, SOCIAL SCIENCE and EVOLUTION.
Ask for our 1926 catalog, newly revised.
CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 East Ohio Street, Chicago

REAL ESTATE

HOME BUILDERS—NOT SPECULATORS

While land at Mt. Airy (Croton-on-Hudson) is selling for considerably less than unimproved lots in the surrounding districts, and while the Mt. Airy property is steadily increasing in value, we want only HOME BUILDERS, not speculators, in this community of artists, writers and thinking people.
We frequently deny applications for land in justice to those already home owners at Mt. Airy.
Beautifully wooded ¼, ½ and 1-acre plots—some with river views—still available; $350 and up each or terms; 60 minutes from city; 100 trains daily; schools and stores near.
HARRY KELLY, 70 Fifth Ave., New York
Chelsea 0432

Are You Getting Your Share of Country?

Northern Westchester is accessible but wild, inexpensive but beautiful. Where else can you find lakes, mountains, rivers and good commuting within 40 miles of New York? Cottages for rent; houses, farms and estates for sale.
Margaret Lane, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y. Croton 400

LECTURES

DR. WILL DURANT
author of "The Story of Philosophy"
will lecture twice weekly this summer at
CAMP GREATER UTOPIA
LACKAWAXEN, PA.
1st lecture, July 3rd
WRITE FOR BOOKLET

FORUM

An Invitation for an Expression of Opinion

THE SUNDAY EVENING FORUM of the HEBREW EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY, at Sutter and Hopkinson Avenues, Brooklyn, New York, will resume its activities the first Sunday in November. In order to obtain the greatest benefits from these meetings, the Committee invites suggestions as to speakers and subjects which might be of interest to them. If you plan to be one of the auditors, and have an opinion to offer, kindly write to:
NATHAN SWEEDLER, *Chairman*
44 COURT STREET BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Summer Time!

Camps, hotels, summer homes, boarding houses,
—and those who seek such accommodations
Those who have an apartment they wish to rent
Those who want to rent an apartment
we recommend placing an advertisement in the classified section of *The Nation*, as the best means of bringing the right person and the right place together. Rates on request. Address Dept. C, care of *The Nation*.

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED